

# The Free Beer Press

PRESENTS...

KALAMAZOO'S

FIRST

1984

ANNUAL

# ROCKSTAR PARTY!

No.1

It began as many horrifying things begin, with the telephone.

'Hello?'

'Ay, Doc! It's me! Pigboy!!'

Oh god.

'Ay, Pigboy! Whatcha readin?'

'Oh, Keroac, Rimbalm, Vol-'

'Good goin!-I said, dreaming of inventing a time-machine with the sole purpose of pummeling Alexander Graham Bell.

'-so whats up?'

'You won't believe it.'

'Yer leavin town?'

'No, ya prick, some jerk is throwin the 'Zoo's first bonifide ROCK-STAR PARTY! And they want us to cover it!'

'A Kalamazoo Rockstar Party? Thats ridiculous. And why us?'

'I know. Thats whats ridiculous.'

'Well, they can cram it. I hate partys and besides, I'm writing my 'Why Pink Floyd Is The Greatest Band In The World' piece.'

'Sounds killer, Doc, but it says here 'No Cover' and, and something else...'

'Whats that?'

'Free beer.'

'SAY WHAT?!?'

So there we were; the Kalamazoo Center, Ballroom 4, reaching for the doorknob. The horror started then.

'Wow!' The voice, early hippy, boomed. 'Mr. Serious and Mr. Pigboy! C'mon in!'

It was Bob Ashman, leader of the cunt/tree rock band Hombre and resident Obnoxious Fat Person. He wore a Bob Seger t-shirt, highwaters, and an outty belly-button.

'Now its a REAL party!!' he screamed.

I mean, the guys a nut.

'Thank, Bob' Pigboy spat 'But, uh, who's here? Who're the stars?'

'Lets see' he slobbered, reading a gin-joint handbill. 'We got Tonic from T-Snakes, a couple of Modern Beleimics, Dick Bowser from Violent Apa-'

'What?' I gasped 'You call those ROCK STARS?'

'Hey, man' he clicked his heels, saluted

'Kalamazoo's finest!'

Shaking our heads, me an Pigboy scurried in.

'Two, please.'

'Sure' the barguy said, and reached for some small plastic cups.

'No, no, we'd prefer to use these' we said, pointing our empty quarts at him.

'Sorry. I got orders.'

'But we're 'press.'

'I don't care if yer the president's bung-pal, its a cup or nothin.'

'Two, please!'

Well it started mellow enough. The room was about half the size of a football field, the music smooth. I think it was early Japan. And in 3 corners of the room--there was a crowd. I realized then that it wasn't a Necros' death-squad out for my blood, but instead, the guitarist, drummers, and bassplayers, respectively. In the middle of the room were 2 smaller groups; these were keyboardist and people who blow horn things. And bouncing, slinking, always moving and never speaking, were the singers. Which made sense. Instrumentalist can talk about their instruments, but what do singers talk about? The politics of grunting?

I headed towards the keyboards.

'Howdy.'

She turned, smiled, said

'Hi.'

'Um' I asked 'arn't you a T-Snake?'

'Afraid so. And you?'

'Cordone. Pleased to meet you!'

I shook her hand, the one not holding the wine, checked her bod. Yep, she was still a fox. Maybe even mega-fox. She also played the fiddle.

'So who do you play with?' she asked.

'Oh, nobody. I'm in charge of catering. More wine?'

'Why, thank you' she said chugging the full glass. As she tilted her head back, taking the full length of her bubbly, I checked her legs. Yep. Mega-fox.

'I'll be right back.'

'Feel On Baby' by the Stones kicked-in as I moved towards the bar. The lights dimmed abit, shadows lengthened. The night opened for new faces. Tom Elferdink (real name) from Segment walked in, stumbling yet confident. Dave (Public Service Band) Rummel, the guy who wouldn't know a bad mood if it sued him. The infamous Gundo. And, yes, it was true. He did dress funny.

'Dr D?'

Just what I was afraid of. Conversation.

'Yeah. Do I know you?'

'No, you don't know me. I'm just a loyal reader who thinks your paper sucks.'

'Oh, okay. So why do you read it?'

She gave me a puzzled look, walked off.

'Hey, Doc!'

What is this? I didn't know this guy.

'Hey, Doc, try this! Its Apple Schnapps!'

'What?'

But I was too slow. The glass touched my

lips, so I grabbed it, murdered it. I expected the worst.

'Well?' he asked.

Nothing.

'That was GREAT!' I said.

'And its 80% pure alcohol!'

'NO SHIT?'

'NO SHIT!'

And then he slid away, fast, bound for darkness.

'Hey!'

But he was gone.

'A beer and a wine, please. White.'

'Comin up!'

The barkeep had long hair and a fu manchu. I didn't trust him.

'Here ya go.'

Leaning on the bar, swaying to 'Go To the Window' by the Latin Dogs, I tried to relax.

I mean, the beer was good (meaning it was beer), so why did I feel so queasey? Oh well, I chugged the beer and then the wine then remembered where the wine was going.

'A beer and a, um, wine, please.'

He looked at me sideways.

'Comin up!'

'Hey, Doc!'

I turned away quick, tried for the shadows.

'Hey, Doc! WHERE'S ALL THE SNAPPER?'

Pigboy-

'SNAP-PPPPERRR!'

-the reason dead people don't take showers.

'Snapper?' I said feigning interest.

'Yeah, you know, CHICKS!'

'Chicks?' I laffed 'Hell, mosta these creeps are either too unknown to have groupies or too ugly to have girlfriends. Forget it and drink.'

'Speakin of which--whatcha got there?'

'Oh, just a beer and a, um, glassa wine.'

'Wine? Shit, I ain't had no wine since my wife left me for that migrant worker. Lemme try that!'

'Hey!'

But he had it from my hand, down, and back, before you could say

'Burp!'

and

'That was great, Doc! Thanks! Now I think I'd better go find a trashcan.'

'Why, ya gotta puke?'

'No, dumbshit. PEE!'

So I'm back up at the bar.

'A white wine and' what the heck 'another beer, please.'

'Sure thing!'



It was Pigboy. He was chasing Kenny (Violent pathy) Knots with a pen and pad and a wine bottle like mine. Kenny was running, leaping, slicing thru crowds.



'HEY, KENNY, WHERE'S ALL THE SNAPPER? KENNNYYY!!'  
I headed west.  
'PLEASE DON'T THROW ME IN FRONT OF THE TRAIN!'  
I rolled my fried eyes. It was Bood. He had the Chex mix scattered across the table now, the pretzels in a separate pile. He was screaming at the pile. I headed north.

'Okay, GO!'  
Segment, the whole band, were playing high-speed LEAPFROG with Cherry and Vanilla. Their drummer, a really cool guy, held up one hand and read a stopwatch in the other. Jazz warm-ups? I was too shakey to ask. South?

'Dr. Serious?'  
'WHAT THE HELL IS IT THIS TIME?!?' I whirled, wild-eyed -oh.  
'Are you okay?'

'Don't ask.'  
It was Tina Snake, lead T-Snake mouth. She was smiling, kinda glowing, a shot-glass full of wine in her hand. She was a demure little toothcake and her eyes were limpid pools of smoldering passion. And sometimes my writing stinks.

'Okay' she said 'oh, wait a sec. DON'T TALK TO MEEEE!'

'What??'  
'DON'T TALK TO MEEEEEE!'  
'Okay, okay, no problem. I'll jus-'  
'No, you don't understand. I'm just practicing.

That's one of our songs.'  
'Oh, I see. More wine?'  
'Oh no. Once I finish this I'll be on the floor!'  
Then she took the tiniest slice of her drink, and walked off. I chugged my wine.

'DONNN'T TALK TO MEEEEEE...'  
Sanity?  
'Hey, you prick!'  
Pigboy again. I held my bottle tight. I knew.

'Pigboy, old friend' I lied 'which ways OUT?'  
'Don't 'friend' me, jello buns! I seen you hittin on my girl!'

Jello buns?  
'YOUR girl??' I yelled 'You've never even gone out with 'er! Are you sober again?'  
'Fergit the insults. Just leave my Boo Boo alone!'

'Your BOO BOO?!!'  
'Free Beer Press?'

We looked up. It was some black cat in a black leather jacket. He looked nice enough.

'Yeah' I said 'you want my autogra-?'  
BASH!  
Bright red lights, then I was on the floor. Thru squintey eyes (and a bloody nose) I saw Mr.

Black stride off. Pigboy leaned down, helped me up. He smelled like old tofu.

'What the hell was that? I asked, swaying near death.

'That was that Strange Fruit guy. He doesn't like our paper much. Somethin we said about his girlfriends honor.'

'Wait! You wrote that!'  
'Shhhhhh...'

Swearing, I wiped my nose and stalked off, disgusted that I was set-up by a guy who can't even spell 'typewriter.'

So I was in the middle of the room. Chugging the wine, spinning, swirling for an exit. I realized how hard it was leaving town, but leaving a room? Then I saw the Blue Spots. They always seemed like normal joes. I rushed over.

'Excuse me, guys' I said 'How's it goin?'  
They all turned then, and I saw it.

Their eye make-up.

'AARRRG!'

It was thick and all-encompassing. I didn't think it was a House of Horrors, but how could I be sure? I ran the other way.

WHUMP!

Jesus fucking Christ! More Kenny. A body full! I tried to get around but he grabbed my arm.

'Alright, Doc, what's the deal?'

'Deal?'

'With Pigboy! He keeps chasin me and goosin me and screamin KENNY KENNY KENNY! What's his fucking problem anyway?'

'Why, isn't it obvious, Ken? He wuvs you!'

I darted around.

Bodies were just blurs now, and I flayed thru the crowds like the drunken jerk many believe me to be. Some dunderhead had put on the Stray Cats and I was already ready to puke. I swiveled, chugged some vino, let a load go.

'Look out!'

It was lumpy, oatmeal-thick, and all over some goils long shapely legs. I felt terrible! I tried to think of the right thing to do. I offered her some wine.

'WHAT?' she squealed 'HARRY, JAKE, GET 'IM!'

Shit! Harry and Jake stiffened, about to strike. Then I noticed Pigboy, 30 feet away and NOT EVEN involved. He was running at me, screaming, waving a bottle over his head.

'DON'T WORRY, FOLKS, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!'

I hit the dancefloor.

Dodging thru dazed dancers, scrambling towards OUT, I tried to imagin who would throw such a horrible party. But no, too much noise, too many faces. Wait! The CLOSET! Peace In A Cloakroom? I'd see. Running over, I threw it open.

'Huh?' I said that.

It was Tyrone and Thunder from the T-Snakes. It was dark and they were standing over a small movie projector. On the wall 2 chicks were going at it hot and heavy.

'Hey!' I said 'I thought you guys were intellectuals?'

They turned then, and smiled. Wild, demented smiles. Drool dribbled from their mouths. I slammed the door.

'Hey, DOC-'

I closed my eyes and bowled him (her?) over. I didn't care!

'LET ME OUTTA HERE!' I screamed at nothing. Everything! Bombs were falling in my head. Naked angels were doing pirouettes on my stomach. And I was outta CIGS! Thank god for the wine. I slugged it hard, the angels rebelled--and bingo---one more load to go!

'Glah-glah-GLAHKKK!'

Ever tried puking while running full-speed?

'GLUCK GLUCK!'

Don't.

'LOOK OUT!' someone yelled 'IT'S A GUSHER!'

Must be from Texas. I stopped short, fell to my knees, started covering the floor. It was a big room but I figured I could handle it.

'MY SHOES!'

Yeah, there were alotta those. They all had legs comin out of em. And between one pairra those legs I saw that Klop kook. He was heckling a large group of drummers. Bouncing in front of em he was laughing and beating them over the head with--MY GOD!--Bertha! He had her by her rubber foot, whirling her above his head (lariat-style) and THWUMP THWUMP THWUMPING it down on the hapless skin-slappers.

'YER ALL A BUNCHA ASSHOLES!' he snarled 'TO THE OVENS! TO THE OVENS WITH YOU ALL!'

The drummers recoiled in terror, trying to defend themselves. Then Andy, drummer for somebody, went in low and got in a quick kick. Definitely nut-bound.

'OOGA BOOGA!' Klop cried, then he flopped down into the ever-famous fetal position. For a moment the drummers just stood and watched him twitch. Then they attacked.

'Hiya, Doc, whatcha doin down there?'

It was Ralph, the youngest and least goofy Worm. Many girls wanted his cock. And many girls were insane.

'Walf!' I said, jumping up 'you've always been the voice of reason. Quick, which ways out?'

'Jeez, relax Doc. You look like you just swallowed a whale clit. Here, have a cig.' He shook one out.

A CIG! AT LAST! Life was smiling again. I grabbed it, flicked a drunken Bic, and then drank that motherfucker. I chased it with wine.

'Ahh' I sighed 'I needed that.'

About 6 feet to the left of us some straight-edge skinheads were tossing us disapproving looks and fake coughing.

'Hey' I slurred 'dey no likie smokie.'

'Must be all that caffeine.'

'Yeah?'

'Sure. They just wheeled in the 3rd keg of Pepsi.'

'Oh well.' Then we turned and blew our smoke straight at em.

'HEY!'

Course they all feigned anguish, leaning back, clawing at sky. But there was one whistledick who jumped, I mean JUMPED back with such stupid gusto that he LEFT THE FLOOR. And then, having left it, proceeded to land in the middle of a table full of new-wave wogs.

CREE-ASSH!

Yep, the table collapsed.

'WHAT THE FUCK?' Two guys, two chicks, four beers flying. Wood splintered, ashtrays careened, and one chick ended up on her ass. Her skirt was hiked up high and I saw NO PANTIES. Christ, and me without my Polaroid...

'WHY YOU-' one male wog screamed, picking up and punching the guy into another table. The other punks came running and the other wog dove in. Glass smashed, bodies flew, and women squealed. Ralph asked for some wine.

'Sure' I said.

'HEY, LOOK, EVERYBODY! THEY'RE SLAM-DANCING!'

It came from a table full of very ugly women, and Pigboy. They were pointing at the fight.

'Oh, Pigboy' one said 'lets go try it!'

'Yes' Pig said 'lets do!'

And they all jumped up, ran over, and dove in.

Course the dancefloor was on the other side of the room. Furniture was breaking, blood was sprinkling pre-ripped t-shirts that cost 50 bucks a shot. Reminded me of Sunday school. The music (Misfits now) got louder and everyone was yelling. And running over. Some jumped in, most just stood, chugging and laughing. Annabelle, from Coagulated Child, dropped both her cigarettes and

threw a running tackle at a punch bowl. I couldn't believe it! A shot of tit here, a hint of ass there. Soon the whole party was on one side of the room. Which was good cuz you won't believe this. Suddenly (and without sound effects from me) a car, a big red and black Oldsmobile, came crashing, thrashing and just plain barreling THRU



THE WALL! I said THRU THE WALL! Plaster, wood, and small red bricks burst out and rained down. The fight/dance, everything, stopped. The tape ended. Silence.

3/4 of the way in the car stopped. There were bricks on the hood, some boards on the roof, and a thick white coating of plaster dust over the whole car. Then the windshield wipers flicked on. It looked like snow. I looked thru the glass.

'What?' I gasped 'FIDO!!'

Stepping out of the car, she smiled.

'Hiya, Doc. Where's the wine?'

'FIDO!?' I said it again, unbelieving. Nina Manina Fido, fellow FBP editor, and formerly up-standing citizen. I looked at the wall, I looked at the hole, I looked at the car and its many dents.

'Hi, folks!' she said innocently with a wave.

'Hi, FIDO!!!' answered the room.

Then the fight/dance commenced, the tape flipped (more Misfits), and the shouting continued. She walked over.

'Gee, Doc' she said 'you look terrible. You outta wine too?'

'Uh, no. Here.' I handed her the bottle 'But what about yer--HEY!!'

They were big hands. They grabbed my collar, hard, and suddenly I was 3 feet off the ground. I looked down. It was Mike Mitch, head honcho T-Snake. His mouth seemed to be moving.

'NOW I'VE GOTCHA!' And he was right.

'HUH?'

'IT'S 'YOUTH,' YOU MORON! 'BETRAYED BY THE RYTHUM OF YOUTH!'

Rythum and blues? What??

'YOU PUT US ON THE TOP TEN AND THEN FUCK US WITH A MISSPELL!! IT'S 'YOUTH,' GODDAMN YOU!!'

'Hey, Doc' Fido said walking off 'I'm gonna go find some more grape. Be coo.'

'WAIT!'

'IT'S YOUTH, MAN! YOUTH, YOUTH, YOUTH!!'

'O-KAY!'

'ALL RIGHT THEN.' And he dropped me.

On the floor, fading and sucking cig, I looked around. The slam-dance slug-fest raged on. Bottles and bodies arched gracefully thru the air. War whoops and hysterical laughter bounced like ping-pong grenades off the walls. It was crazy. Or maybe I was crazy. No, it wasn't me. I wanted out.

'PLEASE DON'T THROW ME IN FRONT OF-'

'FUCK THE TRAIN!' I shouted and ran towards the doors. Big double doors. They looked friendly. And no one was in front of them. I fantasized a bed full of kitties and sleep.

'Dead!' A voice. 'Dead, is that you?'

I didn't wanna look. I looked.

'LOIS?!?'

'Hi!'

Yes, it really was her. She ran a print shop. Or was that a StopnGo? Whatever, I just know that word on the street said she gives good reduction. Anyway, she was lovely gorgeous beautiful and sexy and I knew that if we ever got together it'd be THE REAL THING. Now here I was, crazed, drunk, and with a potporri of blood and puke down the front of my shirt. I mean, am I coo yet?

'LOIS, LOIS, LOIS' I sobbed 'please don't tell me you're in a band. PUH-LEEZE!'

'No' she smiled 'I'm not in a band. I was in charge of flyers. Or was that Slurpees? Whatever.'

'Thank god!' I grabbed her hand 'now lets get outta here!'

'But why? I just arrived.'

'Lois, these people are CRA-ZY! I mean, off their nuts and rolling! You shouldn't have come here alone!'

'I didn't. I came with a date.'

I stopped, dropped her hand.

'Uh, where is 'e?'

'Last time I looked he was goin in that closet over there.'

'Oh god' I grabbed her hand 'COME ON!'

We ran for the doors. Now there was nothing in our way. No Violent Scooters, no Blue Bodies, no Segments of Worms. No trains! I glanced back over my shoulder and saw Dick Bowser standing on a table in just his underwear, waving a cardboard sword. He had his arm around Bertha. I breathed a sigh of relief, squeezed her hand, and lunged for the door.

'ME WANT BEER!'

Huh? I whipped open the door.

'ME WANT BEER!'

It was Gundo! Coming a hundred miles an hour thru the door. A hulking, seething, steaming, tank of a man! Smoke came from his nose, his teeth and fist clenched.

'ME WANT-'

A battering ram of unholy magnitude.

'BEER!'

And we were in the way.

And I heard his body blast into mine blast into Lois'. And I heard my head french-kiss the floor. And I heard Lois' lovely yet faraway voice cry

'LOOK OUT, JELLO BUNS!!!'

And then I woke up. Yeah, it was just a dream. I was in my own room, alone, my own cats purring in sleep around me. Whats that you say? You think the old dream trip is a cheap way out of a thoroughly ridiculous situation? Hey, don't blame me. Blame the Sannn Mannn...